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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1906.

The Nation and the Railroads.

There appears to be no disposition at either end of Pennsylvania avenue to act with undue haste in the matter of car shortage in the Northwest, of which the most harrowing complaints have been made through the press and through official channels. It is a situation loudly calling for remedy, we hear it said, and with perfect truth; but what remedy? That is the unsettled question, and until further light is thrown upon the causes of the shortage, we apprehend that affirmative governmental action will be found impracticable.

The one fact which stands out clearly, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, is that the railroads are unable to move the entire volume of traffic offered. This situation is confined to no particular section of the country, for the complaints of shippers are heard far and wide. The commission, in its annual report, thus summarizes the existing conditions:

"The extraordinary prosperity which everywhere abounds, with the high prices obtainable for all classes of commodities, has so stimulated production as to yield a volume of freight traffic which far exceeds in the aggregate the carrying capacity of the railroads. In a word, the development of private industry has of late been much more rapid than the increase of railway equipment. In some cases it is simply a lack of cars, in others insufficient tracks and motive power, in still others wholly inadequate freight yards and terminal facilities."

If the sole cause of the present troubles of the shippers is insufficient railway equipment, it is obvious that no immediate remedy can be found, for such equipment cannot be provided in a day. Immense sums are now being expended in railway construction, in providing more commodious terminals, and in additions to rolling-stock. Mere self-interest would lead the railroads to increase their equipment, but if considerations of public convenience. Plenty of evidence exists that self-interest has so operated, and many of the railroads have been making strenuous efforts to keep pace with the industrial boom.

But there is another side to the car-shortage problem which seems to reflect upon railway management. It is asserted, and apparently admitted by railway men, that freight cars are moved less rapidly than formerly, that thousands of them are confiscated by lines owning insufficient equipment, and that other thousands are tied up by consignees who use them for storage purposes—that, in a word, the present equipment of rolling-stock is not being put to its full capacity. Senator Hansbrough's measure is intended to deal with some of these defects in railway management, but railway managers have already taken hold of the matter and are endeavoring to arrive at some method of keeping cars employed and available at points where needed.

It is important to railway managers to apply the requisite remedy for admitted deficiencies in the management of their properties, for in the present temper of the public there is bound to be strong demand for further national regulation of the highways of commerce unless the just and reasonable demands of shippers for accommodation can be met. Legislation cannot supply equipment, but it can supply remedies for some of the other evils now complained of. To avoid government management, the railroads should look to it that their own methods of operation are beyond criticism.

Prosperity! Even the Presidential message crop smashes all records.

The Chinaman in Manchuria.

The elusive Chinaman and the subtle part he played in the war in Manchuria are most interestingly disclosed in a report made to the War Department of personal observations of the military operations of the Japanese army by Col. Walter S. Schuyler, late of our General Staff. The reports from that source are not only beginning to be available from the military information division of the War Department.

Col. Schuyler finds himself able to testify to the skill of the Chinese in evasion and deception. It was impossible, he says, to determine whether the Chinese inhabitants were with the Russians or the Japanese, although naturally in the presence of the Russians they had much to say against the Japanese. One thing was apparent to the most casual observer, and that was the well-grounded and justifiable fear of being left unprotected between the withdrawal of one army and the arrival of the other. "They knew by considerable experience," said Col. Schuyler, "that at such a time they would be unmercifully robbed by their own people, and it was reported on good authority in Liao-yang that in anticipation of the withdrawal of the Russian troops the organized bands of Hunhuzes had made elaborate plans for the looting of the city." It became known to the Russian commander-in-chief that the Chinese commander, Ma, had arranged to attack the Russians with a force of 20,000 Chinese soldiers in the vicinity of Mukden, and the Russians, in making plans for advance, had to consider this threat, which, it was understood, says Col. Schuyler, "was first written to the Russian victory by the Chinese Empress Dowager."

The Chinese were employed extensively by both sides as spies, but the Japanese appeared to make most of these secret agents, for the Russian commanders "were frequently misled by their own spies," who were evidently prompted by the Japanese to make certain reports. On one occasion the Russian officer in charge was hurried by a series of con-

tradictory reports regarding the Japanese advance, the information coming from his Chinese spies, who had evidently been carefully coached for the purpose of provoking the Russian commander by keeping him up to unnecessary alertness, and so contributing to the fatigue and discouragement of his forces. More than this, the Russians discovered that their screened positions were revealed to the Japanese by the Chinese spies, and it was of report that the Chinese, apparently working in the fields, indicated to the Japanese the position of the Russian troops, and in this way aided the Japanese gunners. "There was," adds Col. Schuyler, "at least one authentic case in which this was true, and I have a copy of a picture made from an actual photograph of the Chinese caught in the act of signaling with a flag to the Japanese batteries."

According to the military observer, the Chinese Manchurian introduced an element of great uncertainty and presented the factor of real annoyance, against which the Russians found it sometimes difficult to adequately cope. It was, altogether, a somewhat new and assuredly interesting sidelight on the situation in Manchuria.

Had Congress suspected that it was to be swamped with language like that it might have been more willing to simplify it.

Mr. Bryce as Ambassador.

It is a fortunate coincidence that the Englishman who wrote the very best book on the American commonwealth known to all literature is to be appointed Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States. If there is one man who ought to be in rapport with the American people, their institutions, their idiosyncrasies, and their ideals, James Bryce is that man. He has studied us fairly and accurately. He will, therefore, be accorded a cordial welcome to the United States.

It has been the custom in the past for Great Britain to regard the position of Ambassador to the United States as apparently of little importance. The British representative here, while in any way being of fine character, have not achieved the highest rank in diplomacy or any other field of service. The United States, on the other hand, has endeavored to send to the Court of St. James the highest types of American civilization. These men have done much to strengthen the ties between the nations. They have added to the prestige of the United States on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Bryce resigns the position of chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and enters the cabinet in place of the ambassadorship. His coming is a noteworthy episode in our history.

Persistently have the ladies been admonished to shop early, and now it is really to be hoped that they will finish in the next day or so and give the newspaper writers and other advice-givers a chance at the counters.

Rev. Mr. Peters Discovers His Error.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters has been investigating the seamy side of metropolitan life and recording his findings where those who run may read. This clerical muck-raker has told from his pulpit many salacious stories about the wonderful doings of the smart set around and about the Tenderloin. It was he who, only a short time ago, thundered against the "society" women who made it a practice to "drink to drunkenness in the restaurants" and "shamelessly smoke cigarettes in the very teeth of the mob."

One of his congregations had the temerity to question the accuracy of these things, he advised Mr. Peters to talk no more upon hearsay evidence, but to investigate for himself. Strangely enough, the advice was accepted. Mr. Peters has, for the past few months been carrying on a quiet personal investigation into those realms of riot of which he has previously so recklessly talked. Quite naturally, he found actual conditions very different from imaginary conditions. He now writes not only with evident understanding, but in most readable style as well. He discovered no society women making themselves conspicuous by indulgence in strong drink in public places, nor did he note any of them facing the mob cigarette in mouth. He did note in many places "simian-faced young fools spending money they had not earned, and he found no more refined and intelligent femininity in anything like the degraded state his fervid imagination had previously pictured.

The world is full of "simian-faced young fools," more's the pity. Much of their money goes the way it should not go. This element is always in evidence, as are other varieties of ad-dle-pates who have nothing but money. But "society women" are not subjects of ministerial denunciation, and Mr. Peters' belated denial and correction of his former views is to be commended.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his Panama message, says that it is not unusual for men to grumble, and especially about their food, when massed in large bodies. True! Sometimes they send home round roasts about it.

The Real "Roosevelt."

There is more of the spirit of what the public knows or regards as "Roosevelt" in the President's defiance of Congress in the matter of his summary discharge of three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry than anything that has proceeded from the White House for a long time. There is no attempt to explain or extenuate. The President stands upon his rights. He exercised an authority vested in him, as he believes, by the Constitution as Commander-in-chief when he ordered dismissal from the service without honor of nearly an entire battalion of Infantry. The fact that the soldiers involved were negroes had nothing to do with the case. Indeed, there is an intimation in the message that had they been white instead of black, they might have been dealt with more severely. So far as President Roosevelt is concerned, the incident is closed. His act was a part of the day's work. He assumes full responsibility and acquits the Secretary of War of any blame, if blame is to rest upon anybody.

The only new feature developed by the President's message is that not all of the members of the three companies were discharged. His order of dismissal exempted certain members of the companies from punishment. Presumably he was convinced that not all of the enlisted men in the barracks the night of the riotous disorder in Brownsville were remotely connected with the commission of the crime or had any knowledge of its perpetrators. By a party of reading, it is plain that all of the others discharged had guilty knowledge, and, therefore, were parties to a conspiracy to protect the criminals. In this view of the subject, the War Department probably will not be encouraged by the President to permit the re-enlistment of any of the nearly 200

black soldiers who were dismissed. Their conduct, it is believed, was criminal.

The War Department, by direction of the President, can permit to be taken back into the army such of the soldiers involved as it may see fit. But as all of them have been declared by the President to be criminals, it does not seem likely that he will direct that any of them be re-enlisted. Hence, it cannot be seen how Congressional interference of any sort can bring relief to the soldiers affected by the order. It would, therefore, seem best for the good of the service that the subject be dropped.

The President is Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and his power as such can be abridged only by an amendment to the Constitution.

Senator Smoot is to speak in his own behalf in the Senate, and a hard-hearted anti-Smoot paper out in Salt Lake is mean enough to say that he is just the kind of client to be his own lawyer.

An Indiana woman ninety-one years of age hucked five bushels of corn the other day and was given a kiss for finding a red ear. Girls will be girls out in Indiana.

"American women do not walk; they wiggle," says a Chicago minister. At him, Edward Bok!

Senator Bailey seems to have made a good mistake in getting elected to the senate from Texas instead of Rhode Island.

Congressman Hardwick wants the railroads to institute the block system. The proposition will hardly get by Uncle Joe's block system this session.

"A lady astronomer has just unearthed thirty-six stars," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. She must have fallen in a well headfirst.

"We sell great quantities of fireworks for Christmas celebrations in the South, but practically none north of Mason and Dixon's line," says a drummer in an Indiana paper. The reason is clear to every Indiana man. Out there the people have Senator Beveridge make speeches to them during the holiday season.

The indications are that our trusty little friend, Japan, is fixing up the open door in the far East so that American commerce can walk right in, and turn around, and walk right out again.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller must look upon Chancellor Day in about as favorable a light as the average man looks upon pay day.

A Congressional committee will next visit Panama. Evidently the talk hasn't a good start yet.

A volcano near Honolulu is spouting mud, fire, brimstone, and a few other volcanic adjuncts, from three cones. One cone would not make enough noise to attract a corporal's guard these days.

Another convincing evidence of Japan's rapid absorption of modern ideas of civilization is found in the fact that a Cincinnati firm has just been given the right to put up a monster distillery in the kingdom.

With gleaming windows and yawning doors, And swift she entered and ran about And looked and pondered, and hastened out.

It is already merry Christmas for the typewriter at the White House.

That life insurance official who has been sent to prison for two years for stealing \$750 was a mere "piker." The measly amount he stole proves it.

As Commander Robert Peary's gold medal has no likeness of Mr. Carnegie upon it, some people are apt to believe it counterfeit.

Japan is enjoying the delights of a packing-house scandal. There is nothing too up-to-date for Japan.

A Boston man has dug up a lot of old letters to prove that George Washington was a liar. This thing is spreading entirely too far.

As a mark of especial honor to Santa Claus, the Congressional Record will now suspend until after the holidays.

Mr. Roosevelt has consented to address the National Editorial Association at its next meeting. There will be nothing novel in telling the members how to run their papers. Everybody does that.

The statement that Senator Bailey carries his pistol in his valise is a base libel invented by his enemies. Texas would never stand for such a practice.

A Georgia lumber dealer, enraged because a railroad would not furnish him cars, wrote the company a hot roast in rhyme. Something dreadful is bound to happen to the roads on account of this car shortage.

The Philadelphia minister who is trying to prove that Adam and Eve were covered in time by the advancing theory that Eve was tempted with a watermelon.

Aged as She Traveled.

From Harper's Weekly.
Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the famous pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, in a lecture delivered in New Haven not long ago, predicted wonderful progress in rapid-transit facilities in the near future, and at the same time deprecated the slowness of present railroad travel. To illustrate this point Dr. Conwell told an amusing story of a woman who was traveling with her child. The train was delayed by many tireless and seemingly unnecessary stops, and when the conductor was collecting fares the woman refused to pay for her little girl.

"That child is old enough to have her fare paid," said the conductor, very sternly.

"Well, perhaps she is old enough now," replied the woman, "but she wasn't when the train started."

A Vinous Rebuke.

From the New York Press.
The girl was with two young men. One was a charming fellow and the other was a cad. The charming fellow ordered a bottle of white wine. When the waiter poured it the cad turned his glass down.

"I don't care for still wines," said he loftily.

"I suppose," smiled the girl, "that is because you'd like the whole distillery."

Facts in the Case.

From the Chicago News.
Lawyer (examining witness)—Do you know the man who formerly owned this gun?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Lawyer—Is he in the courtroom?
Witness—No, sir.
Lawyer—Where is he?
Witness—I don't know.
Lawyer—When and where did you see him last?
Witness—Six months ago—at his funeral.

Careful of Appearances.

From the Philadelphia Press.
"Yis, ma'am," said Bridget, "I'll be a lavin' ye. I don't like that snip of a dude that does be callin' on Miss Mabel."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Now every one buys lots of things and no one to his money claims. I was. You something buy, of course, for me; something for brother, cousin, pa, and sis.

Then ma for you buys something fine, and all the rest fall into line. I went. Yet go away things somehow do; You later find that buncoed you have been.

There is a leak somewhere about. Of that there can be little doubt. For see—deny it if you can—You gave a lot more presents than you got.

And Promptly Give It.

"Well, Jane, able to sit up and take notice?"
"Yes; but don't say that again."
"Why not?"
"The cook might hear."

The Woman Who Shops.

She is happy now, depend. Her day is in getting dressed. She has the day to spend And likewise fifty cents.

That Gets 'Em.

"Here are lots of folks struttin' around wif mites in their eyes," declared Parson Pollock.

"An' beams, too," commented Deacon Johnson.

"Dass right. But lemme tell yo', mah brudder. In case ob a cinder, den yo'll see 'em pawin'."

Open Season.

"A burnt child dreads the fire."
"What of it?"
"Nothing. It would be well if the singed Santa were as sensible."

That Agonized Expression.

"What means that glare the women wear? I asked of pretty Grace.
"Be not afraid," replied the maid.
"That's just the Christmas face."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER.

Up from her bed at break of day, Filling the household with fresh dismay, The harried and worried air she wore, Told that her shopping was on once more.

And she flew with a rush through the open door, As we knew she had done in the days of yore— For Christmas was twenty days away.

She plunged anew in the shopping fray, And she sought, and puzzled, and looked all day, And at the next one, and all the next, And day by day she was more perplexed.

O'er gifts for friends and for foes, and kin— She grew disheveled and pale and thin, When Christmas was fifteen days away.

For there is a shopping street in town, A good broad highway leading down, Through rows of present-overcrowded stores, With gleaming windows and yawning doors,

And swift she entered and ran about And looked and pondered, and hastened out.

And Christmas was only ten days away.

With weary fingers she clutched her list; With haggard eyes she found all she'd missed; From golden jewels to bric-a-brac, To toys, to dresses, and hurried back; She ached, she suffered from head to heels; She lost her sleep, and she missed her meals;

She frowned and fumed and she rushed like mad To make her friends and relations glad, And Christmas was only five days away.

At last she sank with a stifled moan, And checked her list with a weary groan, And sighed: "Thank heaven! I've got them all, From water bottles to rubber ball, From golden jewelry to shoes of felt, From jingle booklets to silver belt."

But, oh, my gracious! she dropped the list And clenched her fingers into a fist, "My husband's present! I've not got that!"

She grabbed umbrella and coat and hat, For Christmas was only one day away!

Hurrah, hurrah, for pink cravat! Hurrah, hurrah, for the green of the Christmas tree, And when her beautiful face you see Framed by the green of the Christmas tree,

There, while the laughter goes on and fro, Take down the list and be wise and low: "This is the necktie that saved the day, When she rushed anew to the shopping fray."

To choose her husband a gift to prove That she could arise and could get a move, When Christmas was only a day away."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES, ETC.

"Alfred," says the beautiful creature, "I have a little Christmas remembrance for you, and I hope you will like it, although I know it is not half as nice as it might be. Here it is. It is a necktie that I have made for you all by myself. I do so hope it will please you."

"Thank you, Ernestine," says Alfred, with a wan smile. "And, knowing that you would give me something that you had made with your own fair hands, I too, have made something for you. Here it is, or, they are, just as you choose to look at it, or them. It is a pair of gloves, really, although I confess it does resemble a pair of sofa pillows. Why, Ernestine, what can be the matter with you? But Ernestine, with a haughty air, has left the room."

WILBUR NESHIE.

Shippers May Be at Fault.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
There are many indications that shippers are at fault for our car shortage, not only in delaying shipments, but in being slow about loading and about unloading, using cars an unnecessary length of time on side tracks for storage. It is quite possible that the fault is not entirely with the railroads, and investigation should not be one-sided.

But That's Different.

Says The Washington Herald: "A Rochester man is said to take four steps a second, five feet at a stride. That's getting out of Rochester." But suppose he was going from Rochester to Pittsburgh—well, what then?

Firm in the Saddle.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Japan's great general has been thrown from his horse, and seriously injured. There is no horse that can throw our Commander-in-chief.

The Peerless Lags.

From the Portland Oregonian.
With President Roosevelt planning the Nobel medal on the lapel of his Sunday coat, it behooves Mr. Bryan to do something.

An Uncanny Mark.

From the Atlanta Georgian.
Money may be easy, but the trouble is that the man who has it isn't.

Imperialism.

From the Columbia State.
To Washington—the course of empire takes its way.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Foraker and the President.

Senator Foraker's veiled attack upon the President in the speech the facile Ohio statesman made yesterday on the discharge without honor of the negro troops has called attention anew to the relations between him and the Executive. Mr. Foraker was the first man of commanding influence in the councils of his party to declare uncompromisingly for Mr. Roosevelt's re-election in 1904. He made his declaration soon after Mr. Roosevelt had succeeded President McKinley, when Mark Hanna was generally supposed to be plotting against the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. It was the opening gun in the campaign which resulted in unanimous nomination by acclamation at Chicago in June of 1904. In recent months the relations between the President and the Senator may be described as one of armed neutrality. They have had no open quarrel, but it is well understood in well-informed circles that each is eagerly watching the other and storing away in memory incidents that may be drawn upon at the proper time for political purposes. Whether the Ohioan is a candidate for the next Presidential nomination is quite beside the main question now. If that were the principal cause they would have been on cordial terms until the President made it evident that he favored Secretary Taft as his successor. The breach developed before it was known that Mr. Roosevelt was looking with greatest favor upon his Secretary of War for the Presidential succession. Thus the interesting question still remains, What caused the feeling of antagonism between Senator Foraker and President Roosevelt?

Fairbanks a Fast Walker.

Several days ago an overfat journalist joined a Senator of ordinary physique and avowed to be in the Capitol for a walk down town. They had not proceeded far before being overtaken by Vice President Fairbanks. The trio glided up the Avenue, with the Vice President setting the pace. The Vice Presidential legs are long and their stride is unconsciously great. They had proceeded about two blocks when the overfat journalist, waddling like a Strasburg goose and puffing like a porpoise, allowed that he was late, and regretfully must take a car. The Vice President expressed regret, declaring that he had hoped to have the pleasure, &c. The fat journalist then had to succumb under the established order of things in Washington and continue the walk.

"Maybe I'm walking too fast," suggested Mr. Fairbanks.

"Not at all," said he of the corpulence, almost choking from the double exertion of keeping his breath and of uttering a falsehood, which the Vice President's eye plainly discerned.

A slower pace was set for a block or two. Then it was quickened into its original rapidity. By this time the Senator began to show signs of fatigue and loss of breath. Luckily the United States Hotel was reached about that juncture of affairs, and the Senator declared that he and the fat journalist had an engagement in that hotel, where the Vice President excused them.

"That's twice I've tried to keep up with the Vice President on the walk home," said the Senator, after Mr. Fairbanks had gone on his way, and I shan't try it any more. He has no idea how fast he walks, because his legs are abnormally long and his stride is correspondingly great. He wants to be sociable and democratic and all that sort of thing, but he is just a brute who tries to adapt his gait to that of ordinary persons before he can hope to be popular as a walking companion."

Saying which, while catching his breath, the Senator then ordered something quick as a brace.

Hale Spoke Out.

Senator Hale responded to a summons to the White House a few days ago.

"Senator," said the President, after passing the time of day with the chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, "there is a bill before you on the navy personnel matter which I very much want to have enacted at this session."

Senator Hale took the document and scanned it carefully for several minutes, pending which silence reigned.

"Sounds like a very good bill, Mr. President," said the statesman from Maine. "Most of the points you seem to have in mind are apparent here. But, Mr. President, all legislation is initiated by Congress. Therefore, I shall have to wait for a bill on this subject to be introduced in the regular way before I can proceed to pass judgment upon it."

Then the chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs suddenly changed the subject, and soon he proceeded with characteristic calm dignity out of the Executive offices.

The Cost of Living.

A member of the Cabinet who was frankly rejecting the other day over the passage by the House of a bill increasing the salary of Cabinet officers from \$9,000 to \$12,000, declares that even with the proposed increase the President's official advisers will not receive enough from the government to meet the cost of the absolutely necessary cost of living here and maintaining their positions. "A thousand dollars a month," said he, "sounds big to the average person living the average life of the American citizen. It sounded big to me before I came to Washington as a Cabinet officer to live. Everybody knows I am not extravagant in my tastes, and also, everybody knows that my wife is a good manager. Only a few evenings ago we went over our books and accounts, and while we knew that our living expenses had gone up tremendously in Washington, still we were not prepared to believe that they have averaged \$17,000 a year ever since we have been here. I do not entertain as much as other members of the Cabinet. It's because I am not rich, and also because neither my wife nor I care much for that sort of thing. But our expenses we have had to spend every year \$9,000 more than my salary at present amounts to."

Both Were Noncommittal.

Speaker Cannon and Representative Longworth, the President's son-in-law, were in the Senate chamber yesterday during most of Senator Foraker's severe arraignment of the President in the matter of the discharge of the negro soldiers. Each listened attentively to the speech. They left the Senate together and were met in the hallway by a mutual friend.

"What do you think of Foraker's speech?" inquired the friend of Uncle Joe.

"That question hasn't reached the House yet, and for that reason I must not express an opinion upon its merits or upon speeches dealing with it," answered the foxy Uncle Joe.

"What do you think of it, Nick?" persisted the friendly interloper.

Clearing his throat the President's son-in-law replied: "The Speaker has expressed my views exactly, accurately."

Our Struggles Not Over.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
The statement of a statesman that "We got along very well with the English language until the reign of the present President of the United States" is not perfectly true. A perusal of the large correspondence of any large business will reveal our struggles with the language, and especially the spelling, have been long and fatiguing.

EMPORIA AND NEW YORK.

Interesting Contrasts Between Two American Centers of Population.

New York surely is the outlying place on this continent, writes William Allen White in the American Magazine for January. In no other American town do people spend so much time fussing around their food as they spend in New York. Here in Emporia the stores open at 7 o'clock, and by 8 o'clock all the merchants and professional people are at work. For, although the banks do not open until 9, the bankers are down and at work by 8:30, and Maj. Hood, who for years ran our leading bank, used to come down town at 7:30 and stay in his office until 5 o'clock in the evening.

There are no 9 o'clock jobs in Emporia, and every one, rich and poor, works nine hours, and many of us ten hours. Most of the clerks get an hour at noon, but the boss—we call the head of a store or an office or a shop—rarely takes over half an hour. Most men go home for their noon meal, but a few hurry over to the lunch counter and spend 15 or 20 cents, or at most 25 cents, for roast beef and mashed potatoes, or stewed chicken and dumplings, or fried catfish and coffee and a piece of pie.

The meal has no social significance, as it has in New York. An Emporia man would as soon think of inviting his friends to take a bath with him as to take lunch with him. For groceries have not got so far along in Emporia society as dry goods!

Little old New York is provincial; and even though New York is populated with people from Emporia and neighboring towns, these adopted New Yorkers forget, or pretend to forget, all about the old home town. And Emporia is provincial. In that, even though we go to New York once or twice a year, we ignore the fact that the very presence of 3,000,000 people living there argues that they live in some degree of comfort and satisfaction.